

Heather
By: Heather Anable



This poem is about me
I am so cute,
When I wear purple boots.
I have long hair,
And glasses to wear.

That's me!

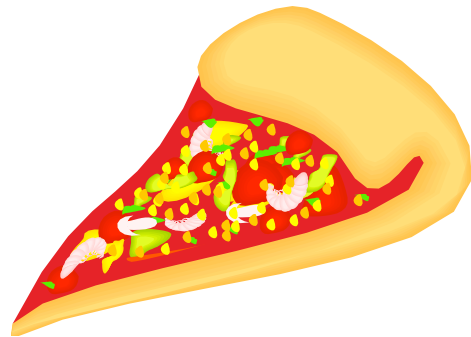
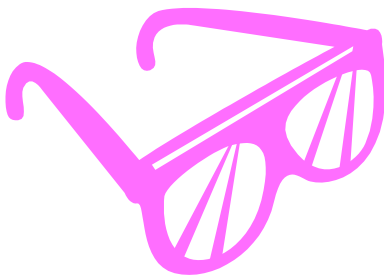
I like to play games,
With big brother James.
My favorite is memory,
It is hard, but not very.

That's me!

I like to eat lots of treats,
Pizza and pretzels are
Specially neat.

I hope you like meeting me,
My name is Heather

That's me!





Ronan's Day

By: Paige Elliott



*My eyes start to open
On a new day,
Still snuggled and warm
With my owner I lay.*

*She clips on my leash
And takes me outside,
And if I am good,
A treat she'll provide.*

*When my bowl is empty,
She fills it up,
Now I can feast,
I'm so glad I'm a pup.*

*My toy's in her hand
She throws it for me,
I scamper to fetch
My toy Christmas tree.*

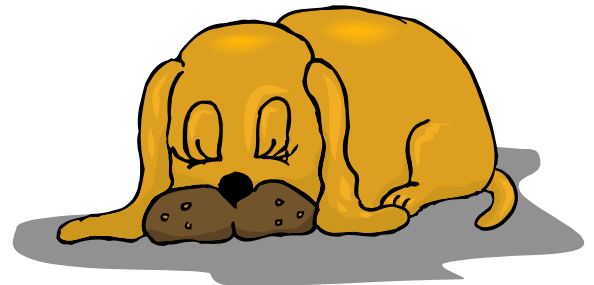
*I don't bring it back,
I just sit and chew,
She tries to snatch it,
But I bark "shoo"*

*Oh no, she has left me,
I am so alone.
All I can do
Is rest and chew bones.*

*When she comes home,
I lick her face,
I jump up and down
And all over the place.*

*She helps with the laundry,
I take her clean socks,
No one can catch me,
I'm sly as a fox.*

*I'm sleepy and tired,
I cuddle in bed,
Dreaming sweet dreams of
The great day ahead.*



The Last Chance To Score

By: Thomas Diebold

*Twenty seconds left,
We were down by one.
It was our last chance to score.
Could this deed be done?*

*The referee blows the whistle,
The best players are put out first.
All equally compared.
"The first to score wins", he says.*

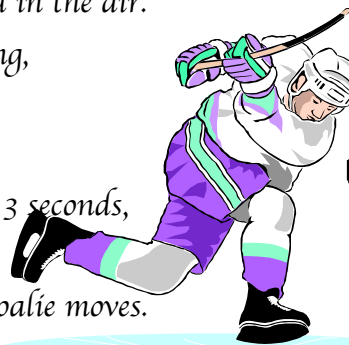
*Now ten seconds left,
My palms began to sweat.
I entered their zone,
Now five seconds to go.*

*The puck is dropped,
The sticks are slammed.
The players dive,
Into a jam.*

*I wound up my shot,
With my stick raised in the air.
The puck just waiting,
To take some air.*

*I go for the puck,
And get it freed.
Down the ice I go,
I wonder who's with me?*

*Now 4 seconds, now 3 seconds,
Now 2, now 1.
The puck flies, the goalie moves.
Yes, we scored the big one!*



*I set up a triangle,
Pass, pass, pass.
The puck as hard as steel,
Moves as fast as lightening.*

*The crowd goes wild,
Because the score is tied.
Could we win this game,
Lets see, it's over time.*

*Now the puck hits my stick.
I wind up a slam.
The puck goes through the goalies legs,
We've won, we've won, we've won!*

*We jump on our goalie,
And let out a cheer.
Hurray! We are the champions,
Of the year!*



I Wish I Was...

By: Patrick Ford

*I wish I was Neal Armstrong,
The first man to walk on the moon.
Or Elvis with my guitar,
I'd play a funky tune.*

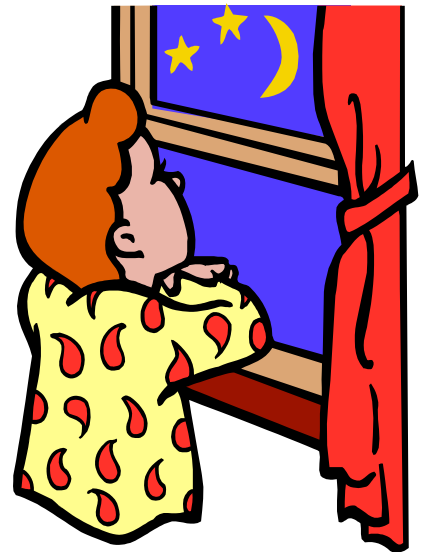
*I wish I was Leonardo De Vinci,
With my famous Mona Lisa painting.
Or the pizza guy at Domino's,
He cooks and does the eating.*

*I wish I was Babe Ruth,
He had a great hit.
I wish I was Pedro Martinez too,
But just a little bit.*

*I wish I was the President,
I'd make all the laws.
Or Martin Luther King, Jr.,
He started a great cause.*

*I wish I was Bill Gates,
With my stack and piles of money.
Or William Hung, a singing comedian,
That's really, really funny.*

*If I was any one of those people,
I would never be bored.
But right now I have to stick,
With being Patrick Ford.*



Leaves
By: Joshua Goldstein



*The dangling leaves,
Alone
On their own wanting, needing a friend.
Colorful,
Fiery red, grass green, violet purple, pumpkin orange and
lemon yellow washing over me.
Then one falls.
It slowly drifts as if it's a feather to the ground, without really
touching it.
Winter is here.*



I Need A Poem For My Homework

By: Christopher Huck



*I can't write poetry for beans,
I can't, I can't, and by all means,
I'd rather wear a Barney mask,
Than have to do this crazy task.*

*I'd rather clean the toilet bowl,
Live inside a bunny hole,
Or even shovel winter coal,
Than take upon this writer's role.*

*I'd even clean the living room,
Sweep the floor with a broom,
Or weave some cloth upon a loom,
Than have to do this job of doom.*



*I'd curse every living soul,
I'd imitate a sleeping mole,
Stick my tongue on a frozen pole,
In place of this poetic goal.*

*I'd rather mow the Astrodome,
Or move a pile of dirty loam,
Or even be a garden gnome
Than have to write a stupid poem.*

*No, this isn't very fun,
Poetic talent, I have none,
My homework never will be done,
I think I'll go eat worms.*



StreetBall

By: Ryan Harrington

*Criss-Cross pop a trey
We need to call another play.*

*Through the lets, off your head,
You can't stop that, that's the way.*

*Fake to the right, fake to the left,
Fake up middle and around the back,*

*Dribble, dribble up the court
Make a lay-up keep it short.*

*You can't stop this I've got Game!
I'm headin' to the Hall of Fame!*



Swish

By: Patrick Theodoss

*I am dribbling the ball,
The clock is winding down.*

*The crowd is cheering,
The other team is jeering.*

*My eyes on the net,
My heart pounds as I begin to sweat.*

*I pass to Zach,
Oh no, he passes it back.*

*I am at the line,
It is time for me to shine.*

*The ball is in the air,
I say a prayer,
And make a wish.*

It goes in!

Swish!

And that is the story of my basketball glory.

